The Liberalist

Volume XXXVI SEPTEMBER, 1959 Number 6

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Take time to live; it is one secret of success.
Take time to think; it is the source of power.
Take time to play; it is the secret of youth.
Take time to read; it is the foundation of knowledge.
Take time for friendship; it is a source of happiness.
Take time to laugh; it helps lift life's load.
Take time to dream; it hitches the soul to the stars.
Take time to worship; it is the highway to reverence.
Take time to pray; it helps bring Christ near
and washes the dust of earth from our eyes.

DR. BRADLEY RETURNS FROM EUROPE!

OPENING SUNDAY SERVICE
SEPTEMBER 20TH—11 A.M.

SUBJECT: "TRUST THE CAPTAIN"

Dr. Bradley's Radio Broadcasts
Every Sunday

WLS—11 a.m.—Morning services broadcast direct from the church.
WSEL-FM—9:30 p.m.—Morning sermon re-broadcast.
WCFL—5:45 p.m.—Vesper Hour Broadcast.

GET READY

FOR THE PEOPLES CHURCH ANNUAL BAZAAR

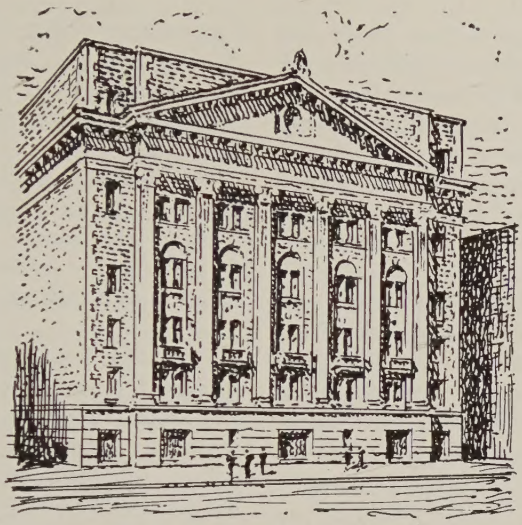
THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12 AND 13

Kindly let Mrs. Harry D. Stone, the President of the Woman's Club, know what you are planning to donate to the Bazaar. This is all-important, so that the most may be made from your donation.

For those ladies who are handy with the needle, aprons, doilies, towels, pillow cases, handkerchiefs, and all linen items will be gratefully accepted.

There will be prizes of Dormeyer Electrical Equipment, Manas Torcom oriental rug, an Olson rug, a bicycle, doll and doll clothes, portable TV and whatever else you, the friends and members of the church, decide to give.

PHONE MRS. HARRY D. STONE, RAvenswood 8-7912 or
CHURCH OFFICE—MRS. MAY HARRISON, LOngbeach 1-6878



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Book

New Wealth For You—$1.00

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

Mastering Fear
Courage For Today
Power From Right Thinking
Life and You
Meditations
My Daily Strength
Happiness Through Creative Living

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

THERE is an old saw which says "Plan your work and then work your plan." It is sensible advice. I have known of this for many, many years, and between you and me, I do not follow it very often. I had planned to write this month's "Along the Way" on the ship when homeward bound. It was impossible for me to do it before now. From the time I left Chicago on June 18th and sailed from New York on the "Mauretania" June 20th, until this very moment I was unable to write what you are reading.

My trip this summer was one of the most interesting, valuable and inspiring I have ever made. I started my European travels in June of 1914 and would not dare say how many times I have crossed the Atlantic without referring to my journals of the past years; and even though I crossed during the First World War, this trip exceeded them all in interest and in importance to me.

I shall not attempt within the space limitations to be definitive about my experiences this summer. If you listen consistently to the sermons, lectures and broadcasts of the winter, you will find many references to my experiences and impressions.

The most restful week of all this summer was the week of delightful days I spent on the Cunarder "Mauretania." It is my favorite ship, and while I have crossed on many ocean liners, the "Mauretania" is the happiest ship for me. I enjoyed tremendously the many visits I had with the distinguished Captain Fasting, and my daily table conversations with my dear and valued friend, the Chief Engineer, Mr. Williams. We had delightful and perfect weather and I left the ship at Cobh, Ireland, rested and invigorated for the difficult traveling and speaking engagements which were before me.

My reunion with the family of James English at Cobh is always a refreshing experience. They were glad to see me and extended their traditional hospitality of a "high" Irish Tea.

In Dublin I met many old and dear friends. I preached twice in the First Unitarian Church at Dublin to most responsive congregations and was delighted to renew my friendship with the minister and his wife, the Rev. and Mrs. Savell Hicks. I have preached so often in Dublin that it is almost a homecoming occasion.

The home of the Hicks is called "Strawberry Hill." It is on a high bluff overlooking Dublin Bay and the Wicklow Mountains. When I later visited Naples and from my hotel window looked out over the Bay of Naples, the only other comparable scene I could think of was the view from the home of Rev. and Mrs. Hicks.

I spent several delightful days in Dublin. It is one of my favorite cities. In fact, the five cities which I know and love best of all are San Francisco, New Orleans, London, Dublin and the city in which I live and work, Chicago.

My Belfast visit was a week of continuous inspiration and interest and it is the first city I ever knew in Ireland. Just a few miles from Belfast is the ancestral home of the Bradleys. I could find no Bradleys living in County Antrim who are relatives. The family emigrated to Canada and my father, Robert Bradley, came to the United States as a boy of nineteen.

There is a streak of ancestral worship in my makeup. While I do not deify the accident of birth nor judge one by one's family lineage, there is a deep-seated feeling of sentiment and affection for my family origins. I remember when I was a law student many, many years ago in Flint, Michigan, being in Judge Wisener's courtroom one day when a lawyer was trying to build up the reputation of a person accused of crime by bringing out the good qualities of his family. Judge Wisener, with much vehemence, said as he hit his palm with his fist, "No person's reputation shall be built up by the goodness of his relatives or torn down by their badness. Each person in this courtroom stands alone."

In Belfast I had the opportunity of preaching to a fine congregation in the morning in the First Presbyterian Church and renewed my fellowship with its distinguished minister, Dr. John H. McLachlan, who visited Chicago the year before and was in our church here. Dr. McLachlan was a delegate to the International Congress on Free Religion which met at the University of Chicago last summer. He was formerly acting principal of Manchester College, Oxford, and is the son of a distinguished philosopher and theologian. Unfortunately Mrs. McLachlan and the children were not in Ireland, but I did have Dr. McLachlan and his lovely daughter, Jane, for dinner at the Grand Central Hotel.

In the evening of my Belfast Sunday I preached to a congregation of more than 600 people which overflowed the sanctuary of All Souls Church, where my dear friend, Dr. Arthur Agnew, O.B.E., has been the minister for many years. We were honored by having present at the evening service the Right Honorable Major William Cecil McKee, former Lord Mayor of Belfast, and Mrs. McKee. The Lord Mayor had visited Chicago the year before, when I had the opportunity of greeting him at the airport. The next day Mr. and Mrs. McKee flew to London where, in Buckingham Palace, he was knighted by the Queen Mother. I was greatly honored by their presence and was delighted to renew my friendship with them.

After the evening service the congregation extended a reception which lasted for more than two hours and then, in the vestry, Mrs. Agnew and Mrs. McCleery, the wife of the Rev. John McCleery, minister of the church in Dunmurry, served a delicious repast to several visiting clergymen, including the much loved and revered Dr. D. Frazer-Hurst. I enjoyed the fellowship of that occasion and retired to the hotel tired but highly uplifted by the warmth of Irish hospitality and the renewal of old friendships.

I left Ireland by way of Larne in a two-hour channel crossing to Stranraer, Scotland. In Belfast, Ireland, I had been joined by the Rev. Dr. William Clyde Donald II, minister of Bethel Evangelical and Reformed Church of Detroit, Michigan. Dr. Donald preached in the First Presbyterian Church of Dunmurry both morning and evening and came in to Belfast for the reception and dinner later. Dr. Donald is a former student of Garrett Institute, Northwestern University and has attended our services frequently. He had a distinguished ministry in Bethel Church, Milwaukee, and three years ago was called to Bethel Church, Detroit, where he occupies the pulpit made nationally famous by Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, now of Union Theological Seminary of New York. Dr. Donald will be remembered as the minister who spoke briefly but most eloquently at my 45th anniversary dinner, and you may also remember him as occupying our pulpit once during my absence.

His family and my family in Linden, Michigan, live only a few miles apart, and his father was formerly the District Superintendent of the Methodist Church in the area which includes Linden, Michigan. Inasmuch as home conditions made it impossible for June to accompany me this summer I was delighted to have him as a traveling companion for most of the trip. He possesses a fine mind and is trained in psychology and has served as Hospital Chaplain at Wesley Hospital here in Chicago and Deaconess Hospital in Milwaukee. We had many interesting hours of conversation and discussion.

From Belfast to London is always a delightful journey, but I am not going into detail as to some of these experiences. I must reserve that until later. One of the things I had long wanted to do was to visit the new City Temple in which the world-renowned Dr. Leslie Weatherhead is the distinguished minister. I spent over an hour in the Temple and was thrilled as I have never been before in a church building. It is modern, but in a neo-traditional mood. I am going to devote an entire article one of these issues to an effort in describing this most unusual church building. It is one of the most famous buildings of the world with the great tradition of the mighty Joseph Parker.

The original building was bombed out in World War II and ever since the congregation has been meeting in various places. It was a difficult task to rebuild on the old foundation, but it has been successfully accomplished. The front of the building was hardly touched by the bomb and, as I stood on the opposite side of the street and looked at it, it seemed that nothing had ever happened to the old building, but the moment the front door is opened there is an unfoldment of worshipful beauty. It was an experience for me to stand in the pulpit of that beautiful place with an empty church and envisage the inspiration which must come to Dr. Weatherhead who stands there Sunday after Sunday and preaches to throngs which overflow into the streets of London. The building only seats about 1200 people, which is 500 less than our own church sanctuary. It is the only non-conformist church within the precincts of the ancient City of London. It was dedicated by the Queen Mother, the Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral and a distinguished list of governmental, educational and ecclesiastical dignitaries.

Joseph Parker, who held the City of London in the palm of his hand for more than thirty years in that same pulpit one time said that the back rows of the gallery in the City Temple were the Rocky Mountains. In those days every visitor to London made an effort to hear Joseph Parker preach. Dr. Weatherhead has carried that tradition to even a greater extent than did his famous predecessor. During the tourist season thousands of visitors to London attempt to worship in the City Temple.

On the lighter side, one of the places I always visit in London is Ye Old Cheshire Cheese of Fleet Street. This was the rendezvous of the great Dr. Johnson and many similar giants in literature and journalism of the period. We went there for dinner and I was honored in being invited to sit at the head of the table, occupying the chair in which Dr. Johnson used to sit when he visited the Cheshire Cheese. There are many other London experiences which must wait for the telling.

Then came the week in Paris. I confess immediately that Paris is not one of my favorite cities. It is filled with dramatic history. It was designed by the city planners who created the great boulevards leading off like spokes

in a wheel from the Arc de Triomphe, but in spite of all its architectural and historical significance there is a certain atmosphere about the city which is not personally attractive to me. I always enjoy the Bateau Mouche on the River Seine. One gets an idea of the bridges and the life of the city as in no other way. Of course there is always the Louvre, the art galleries and the historic buildings.

This year for the first time in many years I visited the Pantheon and stood once more at the tomb of Victor Hugo, Voltaire, Rousseau and many others who have written their names indelibly in the literature, philosophy and art of the Western world. But the tempo of the Parisians is so quick and mercurial that I sometimes think I would like Paris better if there were fewer Parisians.

I enjoyed speaking to the Lions Club of Paris and had a most inspiring reception. I was presented with a Paris Lions Club pennant which I am going to give to the Uptown Lions Club here in Chicago. It was unusually hot in Paris. The temperature for most of the week was over 90. In fact, Europe had the hottest summer in fifteen years and I knew three solid weeks of more than 90 degrees of heat. And now, on the day in which I finally found it possible to write this article it was necessary to leave my study and put a table in another room in the west side of our home in order to stand the more than 90 degrees of heat with which Chicago is suffering today. At the moment I feel as though I would like to go to the North Pole and establish a church among the Eskimos.

From Paris I went to Florence, Italy, and here begins the most thrilling part of my whole summer experiences. So deeply was I affected by Florence, Rome, Naples; Algeciras, Spain; and Tangier, Morocco, North Africa, that I dare not even begin to attempt in the amount of available space to write all of the feelings and impressions which I had. I am quite sure that they will appear and possibly reappear in more than one sermon or address during the coming winter. I have had the privilege of seeing Haile Salassie, General DeGaulle, of spending 45 minutes in the presence of Pope John XXIII in Rome, and of having on the same deck with me on the SS "Independence" from Algeciras, Spain to Tangier, Morocco, King Mohammed V, King of Morocco and his entourage of 27 people. I had the honor of meeting him on the ship. He attended the Captain's reception, and my reactions to this experience would require an article by itself and you will hear more about this, too. We have two most important air bases in Morocco and an emergency landing strip, and the diplomatic relationships between our two countries are further sensitized by Morocco's nearness and sympathy to Algeria. This situation and many others throughout the world make it increasingly necessary for American diplomacy to be balanced on a very hazardous tight wire. Never in our history was it more important to have great wisdom, great imagination, great spiritual sensitivity, and a long look at the future, all a part of a diplomat's equipment.

This was my first visit to the ancient city of Rome; the first time I had ever seen a Pope, with the exception of Pius XII, for I did see Pope Pius XII when he was Cardinal Paccelli and visited the City of Chicago at the Eucharistic Congress. He was the only man who became Pope who ever visited the United States, but between you and me I would not be surprised, before the Pontificate of the present

Pope is ended, if he visited this country, for of all the Popes, the present Pope possesses a more sympathetic understanding of humanity and its problems than any predecessor. I am reserving my discussion of my visit to Rome and to the summer palace Castel Gondolfo until the opening Sunday evening service on the first Sunday in November, when I shall speak on "Personal Impressions of the Pope." I shall probably speak on my experiences in Rome on radio and television before then, but I am reserving an exhaustive discussion for our own church at an evening service. I am to appear very soon on Irving Kupcinet's Saturday evening TV program which is called "At Random," and the probabilities are that Mr. Kupcinet may ask me some questions, but even so I may decline and become non-committal on this subject at that time.

One of the most impressive moments I had in Rome was the visit I made to the Sistine Chapel where I sat in the seat where the present Pope sat as a Cardinal when he was elected the Pontiff. From his seat I gazed at the mural of Michael Angelo.

Another great moment in Rome was when I stood at the graves of Theodore Parker, the great Boston liberal voice, and of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, both of whom are buried in the Swiss-English Cemetery in Rome. My introduction to the visit came from a kindly old lady who apparently was the caretaker, for she welcomed me and, as she did so, said: "You are now on Swiss territory. This is not Italy or Rome. This is Switzerland."

This cemetery is the most unusual I have ever seen; beautifully kept, the wide, pebblestoned aisle leads up a slight incline to a wooded mound. This, too, is another story. An interesting thing was that while I stood in the cemetery, not far from the graves of several distinguished people, I looked at my feet and here was a small turtle trying to bite my shoes. I would draw my feet away and he would follow. There must have been something about the leather sole which intrigued him, as he followed me all the way to the cemetery gate and when I stepped out of the gate and turned to look, he stood, an object of dejection, and his small, beady eyes looked into mine and he seemed to say, "Why leave?" While I love animals and I have reason to believe animals love me, I have never before been followed by a turtle. If I ever go back to Rome again, which I hope to do, I shall certainly visit the cemetery and see if my turtle friend is still in the land of the living amid the land of the dead.

The homeward Atlantic crossing on the SS "Independence" of the American Export Lines was comfortable and it was an enjoyable ship. Later I shall tell you also about my impressions of the Azores, those beautiful and unusual islands out in the Atlantic.

I hope to greet you Sunday morning, September 20th, at 11 o'clock, when I shall begin my 48th year as the pastor of the church I love. I am speaking at the opening service on "Trust the Captain." The next Sunday I shall speak on "Another Look at Europe." We shall again broadcast over WLS. The Magikist Services, through the personal interest of Mr. William Gage, its President, will continue to share with the church in the broadcast expense.

I hope you will plan to be present in person. May our church have its finest year in a world bewitched by hatreds, undergirded with misunderstandings and needing a spirit of peace and of love as never before.

KEEP LOOKING UP!

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
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EDITORIAL

HANGING in the sky and looking down on this old earth throughout the ages of time is that old and familiar and much loved moon. It has once more become the center and the objective of man's quest —the lure of sidereal space! I have no personal concern about who gets to the moon first. I have no personal feeling whatever about whether the hammer and sickle shall be planted on the craters of the moon or whether the symbol of freedom and light shall get there first. There is no one in or on the moon who cares. I am only concerned that the peoples of this good earth may become so enamoured by political and military prestige or even scientific development in this Geophysical Year just closed that the great problems of humanity on this earth may be neglected and ignored; that there may be a continuing of economic instability; that disease and pollution may be ignored, until the fallout enters into the marrow of human bones and sterility brings to a dead stop the perpetuity of the race. I am concerned to have the Soviet Union, through the pages of Isvestia and Pravda, read stories of a prison riot in Montana. I am concerned to have them read of the attitude of a large segment of our country (in a land of freedom), where two people cannot sit down together in the same classroom and receive the same opportunities of education because one is white and one is black. It is going to make interesting reading that we spend more time before a television set watching Westerns, and spend more money on the amount of chromium on a vulgarity manufactured in Detroit, while we run in the madness of ease and comfort and a false sense of security, and bankrupt ourselves making instruments of destruction. This is a solemn warning, my dear friends. The conflict is a spiritual one. Unless the humanities catch up with our science; unless we solve the problem of living together in our own block, we could plant the stars and stripes on the moon tomorrow at noon and, in the long run and finally, the man in the moon would laugh at us.

I would that our hearts and minds be made more sensitive to the true values; that we disabuse them from pride and avarice, and find the way to the spirit, the beauty and the simplicity of the Man of Galilee.

"COURAGE"

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

(At the beginning of 1959 Dr. Bradley, as always at the beginning of the year, preached a sermon on "Courage." As Dr. Bradley will be starting his 48th year in the Peoples Church with his opening sermon on September 20th, we are publishing this sermon as a message to the readers of The Liberalist—a message direct from Dr. Bradley at the beginning of this new year in the history of the Peoples Church.)

AS WE start this new church year together the pages are all white —no scars, no mars, as yet. I would try to sound a note of courage and try to emanate as much strength and help as I can, with my limitations, to everyone who reads these words. I should like to be instrumental in germinating a complete renewal of energy, of confidence and of faith in the heart of every reader. What a power we would germinate in the world if we could accomplish that: to cross over the threshold into this new church year with a complete renewal of energy and of confidence and of faith in the heart of every listener. In spite of everything—all the failures, the troubles, the worry, all the bereavements and tragedies and disasters—to put our shoulders back and take a deep, deep breath, put our chins up and greet this new church year with all the power and potential of our personalities!

What would that mean to you as an individual? What would it mean to me as an individual if, by some miracle every limitation could be dissipated; the tyranny of every failure obliterated; the agonizing remorse for mistakes completely eliminated, and we could face this new church year a new personality, a new being, with a new spirit and a new challenge!

You can do it and I can do it and we can help each other do it! What is the year ahead going to do to you and to me and how does the quality of courage enter into the structure of what takes place?

One night some years ago I was lecturing in Appleton, Wisconsin. On the program with me was one of America's great writers—a naturalist —Mr. Emerson Hough. The name Emerson Hough will mean much to those of you who know literature about nature. Mr. Hough had just published a book called "The Covered Wagon." Do you remember that? And Hollywood had just made one of the first great spectacular pictures called "The Covered Wagon." Emerson Hough was speaking with me at the dinner that night in Appleton and we rode back on the train together. We sat talking, exchanging ideas, and Mr. Hough told me about his new book. I had never seen it, and he said to me: "I have a copy of The Covered Wagon in my grip. I'm going to give it to you." He opened his grip and took out a copy. I was telling Mrs. Hough about this recently. She is still living, a very elderly and a very lovely woman, living at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. This morning I stepped into my library and took down that copy of "The Covered Wagon" and read again the inscription to me which Mr. Hough had written on the front page: "To my friend, Preston Bradley: 'The coward never started; the weak died on the way; only the strong arrived.'" That book is priceless to me.

"The coward never started." The world is full of cowards: cowards who refuse to speak and act where injustice exists; cowards who are afraid of public opinion; afraid of ostracization; afraid of being eliminated from acceptance into society; fearful conformists, always 'playing safe!' History was made by the people who never "played safe;" the people who had the spirit of adventure; the people who were not afraid of the untried and unknown; the people who had the courage, the deep-seated courage, in behalf of humanity and the welfare of society; who were not afraid to raise their voices against economic injustice, industrial iniquity, or against the warmongers and the war-makers and dictators of human history! The coward never started—he always stays protected and safe!

One of the first things I would hope for in this new church year—(how I wish I were young again—and yet I am young in spirit and I hope in mind)—would be a recreation of courage to "start something" and not always to "play safe and secure!"

A group of zealous missionaries of Christ went up into the north of Scotland at an early stage in history and there they found the warlike Picts—the most warlike, primitive pagans in all the world—the Picts of the northern part of Scotland! This little group of men and women missionaries, who were on fire and aflame with the spirit of Christ, met the resistance and the opposition, on the Island of Ionia. And they burned their boats! Why? They wanted to eliminate the temptation of wanting to go back. It was death or victory! There was no way to escape! That, ladies and gentlemen, is courage! If we can carry that spirit into this new church year, all will be well.

A poor, condemned prisoner in England was being led, one early morning as the dawn broke, to the gallows for his crime. A clergyman accompanied him to the scaffold. As they walked together to that scaffold the clergyman presented the simplicity and the beauty of Christianity to the condemned criminal. He listened. When the clergyman had finished the criminal turned to him and said: "If I believed that, I would crawl on my knees over broken glass the length and breadth of England to tell people that truth!" That was courage.

And now may the spirit of love, as we enter into this unknown 48th year of our beloved church, help us to have courage! We have lacked it sometimes; we have compromised sometimes. We ask Thy pardon, for we are ashamed of it. Help us now to go out into this future with courage! Help us to remember that the great wall of China was never breached until the gatekeepers who kept the wall could be bought. Then China fell! Help us to keep the wall solid!

FUNERAL SERVICES HELD BY REV. VIRGIL A. KRAFT DURING DR. BRADLEY'S ABSENCE

JUNE

15—Mrs. Clara McIntosh
17—Mr. Percy A. Burrows
19—Mrs. Ruth R. Levy
20—Mr. Robert Barclay
25—Mr. Albert J. Ross

JULY

3—Mr. Charles Stewart
29—Mr. Henry French Hawkins
30—Mr. Michael A. Friend
31—Mrs. Amanda Brockhurst

Opening Luncheon of the Woman's Club

NOW is the time to make your reservation for the Opening Luncheon of the Woman's Club and to arrange a table with your friends.

The luncheon will be held in the Glass Hat of the Pick-Congress Hotel, 520 So. Michigan Avenue, Tuesday, September 22nd, at 12:30.

Dr. Bradley will be guest speaker and the guest artist will be Rolf Bjoerling, Swedish tenor. Mrs. Bradley will be an honored guest.

The opening luncheon is always a happy occasion when the ladies celebrate the opening of the church season, Dr. Bradley's return, and meet with their friends after the summer's vacation.

The officers for the coming year are:

Mrs. Harry D. Stone, President.

Miss Ethel Wells Smalley, First Vice President.

Mrs. Evert Hallberg, Second Vice President and Program Chairman.

Mrs. James Coughlin, Treasurer.

Mrs. William B. Frank, Recording Secretary.

Mrs. Chris Larsen, Corresponding Secretary.

Directors: Mrs. W. A. Winbaugh, Ways and Means; Mrs. R. F. Noble, Philanthropy; Mrs. Max L. Smith, Social Hostess; Mrs. H. H. Lurie, Membership; Mrs. Henry A. Mehrle, Finance.

A preview of the 1959-1960 season's book shows an ambitious and fascinating series of programs. Among the names listed are Fern Fels, dramatist; Brina Magida Roden, dancer and folk singer; Ann Fogler, dramatic reader and book reviewer; Lillian Budd, author; Charles Vickery, artist; Rev. Merle Shiffman ("If I Had Three Wishes"); a Fashion Show; Helen Frederick (new African films); the Annual Birthday Party, and other events of equal interest.

This year the club will meet the second and fourth Tuesdays of the month.

Professional and Business Woman's Club

THE officers of the Professional and Business Woman's Club for the ensuing year are:

Miss Winifred Jacobsen, President.

Mrs. Helen Blessing Eddins, Vice President.

Miss Jean Chandler, Recording Secretary.

Mrs. Ida Loe, Corresponding Secretary.

Miss Marjorie Carlson, Treasurer.

Miss Ethel Wells Smalley, Program Chairman.

A synopsis of the programs for the year will be published in our October number of The Liberalist.

The opening event will undoubtedly be an all-church dinner to welcome Dr. and Mrs. Bradley back to Chicago, and as a get-together for all the membership, as the Business Women did last year. Watch for the announcement in October Liberalist.

The Business Woman's Club holds a Sunday afternoon Tea the second Sunday of each month, at 4:00 o'clock, in Anderson Hall.

The Men's Club

THE Men's Club will hold their opening meeting on Tuesday, September 22nd, in Anderson Hall of the Church, at 8:00 p.m. Dr. Bradley will be the guest speaker, and the genial Bennetts, Frank Bennett, Director of Music of the church, and Cathryn Bennett, our organist, will furnish the musical entertainment.

The Men's Club meets every fourth Tuesday of the month. Their officers for the coming year are:

Mr. Waldo Moe, President.

Mr. Harlow Stevens, Vice President.

Mr. Glen Vail, Treasurer.

Mr. John E. Ohman, Recording Secretary.

Mr. Harold E. Hansen, Corresponding Secretary.

The Uptown Temple Club

OUR Uptown Temple Club was busy during the summer. In July they scheduled a trip by car to Michigan City, Ind., including a visit to International Friendship Gardens.

In August they enjoyed a trip to Ravinia to hear the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and Leon Fleisher, pianist; had a summer resort trip to Recharge Summer Resort on the Fox River; and attended the Chicagoland Music Festival.

To find out about their fall schedule, which The Liberalist does not have at this writing, you might write to Nellie Peterson, 4846 Sheridan Road, SU 4-9212, or to the President, Claire Horn, 7327 N. Rogers Ave.

"CONSIDER THE MINISTER"

Sermon by DR. SIDNEY E. MEAD, President, Meadville Theological School, University of Chicago, Given in the Peoples Church, May 17, 1959.

I WAS with you in this church just a year ago and today I can but repeat what I said then. I am honored, as is Mr. Curtis, as any man might be, when invited to speak in the Peoples Church. It is always a privilege to stand in Dr. Preston Bradley's pulpit. Dr. Bradley, during his forty-seven or more years of the ministry of this church, has come to stand for many things but, to me, as president of one of our theological schools, he is outstanding as a symbol of the kind of spiritual power that we hope our students will develop in their own ministries.

Today let us consider together the minister. Unitarianism, as we know it, has many diverse and long roots in the past but, most directly, it came out of the bosom of the English Church in the very complex movement of Puritanism and Independency during the Seventeenth Century. And of that movement one acute contemporary observer said: "What won them most repute was their ministers' painful preaching in populace places, it being observed in England that those who hold the helm of the pulpit always steer people's hearts as they please." Painful preaching, of course, did not mean preaching that it was painful to listen to, but sermons

that were prepared and delivered with painstaking care.

Today Unitarianism is growing most rapidly in the great centers of population—in Washington, Birmingham, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles and even in Boston, which men thought saturated with Unitarians a hundred and twenty-five years ago. It is not easy to account for this growth. Unlike the majority of the American denominations (which have been Evangelical and Revivalistic since the middle of the Eighteenth Century) Unitarianism has never been characterized, to say the least, by a strong missionary thrust. In fact one of its leaders, James Freeman Clarke, after travelling in the west (which meant west of the Hudson) in 1860 returned to Boston and wrote: "The Unitarian Churches in Boston are like forts and citadels on an island! They are islands within islands! Boston Unitarians are Bostonians of the Bostonians. They see no reason for diffusing their faith; they treat it as a luxury, to be kept for themselves, as they keep Boston common. I have heard it said that they do not wish to make Unitarians too common." Nevertheless, this is the third time in American history when Unitarianism has developed rapidly.

The first period was that between 1805 and 1830 when the Unitarian Liberals spread out from the bulk of Congregational orthodoxy in New England and launched a new movement in America. William Ellery Channing was the central figure and spokesman during this time and so appealing and promising was the movement that a man as acute as Thomas Jefferson supposed that "every intelligent young man of the time would die a Unitarian!"

The second great period of growth was that immediately following the Civil War, when Liberal religious clubs (comparable, perhaps, to our present day fellowships) sprang up in cities all over the country. This is typical of the movement. Each time Unitarianism has grown primarily from the rather spontaneous emergence of groups of lay people, usually during periods of heightened religious interest. It is a movement that has seemed, at certain times and places, to be precipitated out of the prevailing religious situation. Hence, as in the past, so today: Liberal religious leaders, and the Unitarian denomination, are called upon not so much to create a movement or to inflate again an old movement, as to provide leadership and direction for a spontaneous grass roots movement that is already sweeping the country! It is especially strong in our populace places, and where there has been greatness of leadership (both ministerial and lay) to match the greatness of the movement, growth, with all that means, has been astounding!

Granted this situation, it seems to me that the place where such leadership is most clearly seen is in the pulpit! And granted the kind of spontaneous religious surge that I have suggested is now abroad in the land, we can say with Emerson, "The simple fact that the pulpit exists, that all over this country the people are waiting to hear a sermon on Sunday, assures that opportunity which is inestimable." It means, in brief, that there is an accepted time and place and a receptive audience: hungry people seeking the substantial bread of life amidst all the bewildering and sentimental religiosity abroad in the land! What is called for, indeed, is painful preaching in our populace places!

Let me hasten to add, however, that I do not think for a moment that preaching is everything that is needed! There must be a context, a church, to provide the proper setting for such a

pulpit, and a modern church is a very complex thing! No minister today can be just a preacher: he must be a builder, an organizer, an administrator; he must be a politician, wise in the art and patient even through interminable committee meetings; he must be as wise as the subtle serpent, as well as harmless as a silly duck; he must be an engineer who can run the machinery necessary to the being and the well-being of a local church and denomination and, yet, he must not love the machinery well enough to make it an end in itself, and himself merely an engineer!

One of the graduates at Meadville, who has been some time in the ministry, preached a sermon to his congregation, which he called CONSIDER THE MINISTRY, and among other things, said this about this work: "A number of our churches who have been looking for ministers have polled the congregation to determine what characteristics they wanted in their minister. The surveys have shown that congregations want their ministers to be as saintly as Jesus, and a man of the world; they want him to thunder about unrighteousness like the prophet Amos and yet, never get involved in controversial matters outside the church! He should be a high-powered fund raiser, who never asks people for money; a good organizer, who doesn't change the way things are run; a popular preacher, whose sermons are scholarly and profound, and a man of intuition, who will call upon the sick even when he is not informed of their illness! In addition, he should be a psychiatrist, an educator, an office manager, an advertising expert, a student of current affairs, a diplomat and a hail-fellow-well-met! Of course, it also helps if he can type, run a mimeograph machine and use a hammer and saw! He is also desirable if he is sensitive to criticism, has the patience of Job, is willing to work seventy-two hours a week and never, never ask for a raise!" That is what one of our ministers told his congregation.

All this and more can be said of the minister today but, finally, I think it must be added that his pulpit, and what is said therefrom, remains central in his work. To point to a Liberal pulpit is to point to a man. The true preacher, as Emerson said, deals out to the people his life, life passed through the fires of thought, and only he can give who has, he only can create who is! Too often this point is forgotten! One seminary recently addressed itself to the churches of its large constituency in a colorful pamphlet which proclaimed: "Our business is to convert men into ministers;" Alas, I'm afraid that this too often is the conception of theological education, and I am inclined to think that one of the saddest epitaphs we could write is: born a man, died a minister! Recognizing that about a third of our Unitarian ministers come from preparation and ministry in other denominations, I would rather proclaim that part of our job is to convert ministers into men. But how shall we describe this man—man the minister, man preaching?

I would describe him ideally, as having certain traits and qualities. Of necessity, one has to speak of these one after the other, but I do not mean to suggest that one is more important than another. I speak, rather, of a galaxy of traits. And first I would mention what I call character of mind. Basic here is fundamental intelligence. Just what intelligence is, is not easy to say in this day of the "organization man"! A common enough definition is: that intelligence is what the intelligence tests measure. But when we ask: "What do they measure?", we are very

likely to get the reply: "They measure intelligence!" Or, again, as one of the theologians I studied said of a young man in his class: "This young man just isn't intelligent! He cannot follow my arguments to my conclusions!" Here is implied another common definition of intelligence, namely, agreement with me! It is difficult to see that one who disagrees with us is really intelligent, as the history of theological controversy clearly indicates! But what I mean may be expressed as sensitivity, as openness in many directions, as receptivity to ideas, even new ideas, and from whatever source. This tests imagination. Imagination — the rare gift to see relationships and to construct patterns.

Because of our religious tradition in America, it has not been common to stress intelligence as a primary requisite for the minister. Indeed, three years ago a writer in the Christian Century proclaimed, in discussing theological education, that from most faculty people, that is, members of the theological school faculties, from most of these faculty people, one hears a plea for higher intellectual caliber in the ministry, but others warn that too much stress at that point may rob the ministry of its ablest leadership! It is interesting that it could be said in such a journal as the Christian Century that if we really stress the quality of intelligence in the ministry we may rob the ministry in America of some of its best leadership.

Granted basic intelligence, two more things are necessary to constitute character of mind; information and discipline. These the minister should begin to get in his college and theological school. The minister, as we say, must be an informed man, or as a Seventeenth Century divine put it: "If he is to instruct others, he must not be himself a babe in knowledge!" He must be informed about the history and the meaning of our whole Western tradition and, especially, about the religious tradition of Christianity which has formed its core and provided its central myths. He must also be informed about the development and the basic insights of the modern sciences of man, and the relationship of the religious tradition to them, for he must live in our modern world and he must work with and preach to modern people. Only such information can provide his intelligence the material with which to work.

We all know people, some of them professors, who are loaded with information, whose minds are full of it and all of it good, but who simply cannot think! And we also know people who are very intelligent and think well, but who lack precise and detailed information to think about! Either extreme is undesirable. It is intellectual discipline that brings basic intelligence and information together. Discipline, as we call it in the schools, represents the necessity to choose, and follow, a line of thought to conclusions and to organize those conclusions into a pattern.

The second thing that I think requisite in the minister, I call character of heart. Character of heart; primary here is love for man like that of Jesus. The love of Jesus was potentially as inclusive and indiscriminate as the justice of God the Creator, whose sun rises on the evil and on the good, whose rain falls on the just and on the unjust alike, but it was never the abstract love of mankind in general but the particularized love for individuals —for a tax collector; for the Martha, who was cumbered about much serving; for the Mary, who sat at His feet and heard His words; for that

other Mary, who had seven devils, and for Peter the Fisherman, who followed afar off. This kind of love is compassion for suffering individuals without bargaining about the cause of their suffering — compassion for the naked and the sick, the poor and the imprisoned, the hungry and the thirsty, the blind and the cripple, and for the rich, young ruler who kept the law but could not give up his possessions. Where there is love and compassion like this, love for God will follow! But how can one say he loves God, whom he has not seen, when he does not love his fellowmen, whom he has seen? And so that magnificent suggestion made by the writer of Second Corinthians: "You are restricted," he said, "You are restricted by your own affections; you are restricted by the limits you place upon what and which people you will truly love!" And so he gave his bit of advice: "Widen your hearts, also, while widening your minds; while accumulating possessions, widen your hearts, also! Remove the restriction that you place upon your own affections! Widen your hearts until your compassion includes all kinds and conditions of men, then there you will find God and, I believe, nowhere else!" Such wideness of heart, such compassion produces patience—patience with the ignorant, the stupid, the vain and the ambitious, patience with the slow to understand and to act.

And third I would say that the preacher must have a sense of direction. Obviously this is true with regard to his immediate surroundings. He must have an idea, in Lincoln's words, "Of where we are now and whither we are tending," for this is the only basis for judging what to do and how to do it—in the church, in the denomination, in the community, in the nation, in the world! But beyond this immediate sense of direction the minister must, somehow, be oriented to the oceanic currents of the universe. He must have within him a compass that points to man's true north. He must know the great lines of human destiny, and this is to have an understanding of the real nature of man and hence of what is good for him as a man. And this, however expressed, is to be religious. To see all the experiences of everyday life in the perspective of what is deemed to be true, just and charitable, in the perspective, we might say, of the eternal verities. This is what we come to a church to learn; who we are; what we are; whence; whither, and finally, what is really important in our own lives; what is the last, best hope of earth and how do we come to know it; how can we be identified with it. This is the purpose of a church! And unless the preaching comes out of these questions; unless it sets forth principles that transcend the merely personal and immediate, the preacher is likely to share that most bitter of all condemnation ever heaped upon the clergy by the man speaking for the nation who said: "We turn to our spiritual leaders for guidance and receive back only echoes of our own voices!" This is not why people come to church!

And now fourth, with all this, the preacher must have what I call political sense, the sense that he doesn't own the church, but belongs to the church, the body of the people, and that whatever he does must be done in, with and through a group! Our ministers have not officially (as in some churches, through ordination) any unusual or authoritative powers or gifts; hence, what power, position and effectiveness they have depends upon their ability to persuade and lead people democratically, and what influence they wield in a community depends upon their

knowledge and their character! If a Liberal minister differs from the members of his congregation on important matters, he must change his opinions or persuade them to change their opinions or he will die upon that particular vine. In this respect, his voice is the voice of the people of his church. It is the church that preaches through him, and this suggests the great responsibility that the members of a congregation must bear in the education and work of their ministers. It is the congregation that forms the preacher as much or more than the preacher forms it! Hence, in the long run, our congregations probably get about the kind and caliber of ministers that they really want and hence, deserve! The Baptists of about a hundred years ago had a quite apt way of expressing this: when they licensed a young man to preach, they would say in that license something like this: "We have examined this young man's gifts for the ministry. We think he has such gifts and we now grant him a license to improve himself in public in our churches." This was very apt because it reminded him that he was expected to show improvement, but it also reminded the people in the churches that he was there still as a student to be improved, and that they could help! On the other hand, the good minister's political sense tells him that he is not an independent voice, but a representative man. His roots go deep into the body of the people—he speaks their facts; their beliefs; their doubts; their awe; their wonder; their hopes; their fears! He deals out to the people their lives, passed through the fires of his own life and thought.

These, I think, are the qualities of the preacher—the qualities that go into what our forebearers called painful preaching; character of mind; intelligence, information, discipline; character of heart: love, compassion, patience; a sense of direction: orientation to the whence and whither of the immediate situation, but also to the great lines of human destiny; political sense, with all the subtle wisdom that that suggests. Such preaching is not the work of a day, but of a lifetime. It is life—life articulated in words, back of which is a man and a congregation and a church and a long, long tradition. "But the man who aims to speak as books enable, as synods use, as the fashion guides and as interest commands babbles! Let him hush!" so said Emerson. And now may the great God, the Lord of all Creation, and our companion along the way, go with us and be with us now and ever more.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

BECAUSE Dr. Bradley is Chairman of the Board of the Chicago Public Library, he receives regularly from the Public Relations Department of the Library news releases and a calendar of events. Sometimes we receive these in time to publish them in our Liberalist. The

Public Relations Department is always abreast of the times, and therefore it would be well, should you or someone in your family be interested, that you write in to the Public Relations Department, of which Miss Mildred Bruder is the director, Chicago Public Library, Randolph and Michigan, Chicago 1, Illinois, and ask that your name be placed on the list to receive the calendar of events, which is published, October through April each year.

The August number of our Liberalist had to be sent to the publisher unusually early because of my being away during July, therefore I could not publish the interesting calendar of events at the Library during August. But to show you how up-to-date is our library, I will mention that during August, in keeping with The Festival of the Americas and the Pan-American Games, these events took place:

Concert, Aug. 13, 7:15 p.m. Concert of Pan-American Music, presented through the Chicago Federation of Musicians, Local 10, in cooperation with the Music Performance Trust Fund.

Lecture, Friday, August 14, 12:15 p.m.: "Dance—an International Language"—Maria Tallchief, Prima Ballerina of the New York City Ballet.

Film Program, Friday, August 21, 2:30 p.m. "The Brave Bulls"—How the leading matador of the Mexican bullfight ring overcomes his fear is told in a powerful drama enhanced by on-location filming.

"Romance of Transportation in Canada"—Visuals, commentary and music combine in a sprightly account of one phase of Canada's history.

Children's program, Friday, August 28, 1:30 p.m.—Films, Recordings and Folk Tales representative of Latin America and Canadian life and culture.

All of these programs are held in the Assembly Hall on the 2nd floor, in the Randolph Street side of the building.

During this same month of August there were exhibits:

In the Randolph St. Corridor: Pre-Columbian Sculpture and Art Objects —On loan from the Harry Lund Galleries.

Chicago Area Camera Clubs—Small Print Salon.

Art Department: (Aug. 3-29) Americana for Contemporary Living—Jo Mead.

Music Department: Pan American Instruments—Lent by Mrs. Elizabeth Ayres Kidd.

Science and Technology Department; August 17-*September 30)* Mining and Processing of Tin—Tin Research Institute, Inc.

In the Rotunda: 2nd Fl. Randolph St. (August 3-*September 7)* Pan American Book Fair.

This book fair will contain a comprehensive collection of books from Canada and Latin America; an exhibit of 3,000 books, a part of the cultural inter-American activities arranged in connection with the Festival of the Americas and the Pan American games.

The countries which have sent books for this exhibit include Argentina, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Ecuador, El Salvador, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Jamaica, Panama, Peru, Puerto Rico and Venezuela. The Pan American Union and many U. S. publishers have also contributed publications for display.

The Pan American Book Fair Committee is headed by Edward Heiliger, Librarian of the University of Illinois at Navy Pier. He was director of the Benjamin Franklin Library at Mexico City for three years, from 1950 to 1953. He also helped organize the Library School in Chile and was sent

by the American Library Association to Nicaragua with respect to library matters there. In Rio de Janeiro he helped to organize the Biblioteca Thomas Jefferson. This Fair will be open through September 7th.

There is no admission charge for any of the programs at the Library.

There is a selected list of recent books in the Spanish and Portuguese languages entitled "Our Neighbors to the South," which would be excellent material for young people who are studying Spanish. Copies of the list are available from the Foreign Language Division.

There is a special exhibit in the Randolph Street Corridor, beginning with September 8th, by Stephen Deutch, Chicago photographer extraordinary, called "The Bench Sitters of Chicago." This is his own explanation of his exhibit:

"Chicago is not just stones and bricks,
Not only the Outer Drive and the
Stock Yards.
Chicago is also people,
Young and old,
Black and white,
Men and women.

Many of these people are lonely,
Very lonely.
Some of them without any ties,
Others seeking privacy and solitude,
Others are looking for company
To share their loneliness.
Many of them are old, tired, emaciated
—Many of them are just lazy.

The benches of Chicago
—Made of stone, wood or iron—
In the parks, on the avenues and
streets
Provide these people with islands of
refuge.
There they sit, immobile as statues,
As the life of the city, busy and
bustling,
Rushes by them.

This multitude of anonymous folk
—Who never make news—
Sit on their benches
Day after day,
Gazing blankly into space.
They meditate—about the past maybe
—They worry—about the future,
perhaps—
Or just sleep fatigued, bored.

They become part of the pattern of the
structures
That frame them, surround them,
Blending into the cityscapes.
They are part of the city.
They are the bench sitters of Chicago.

Stephen Deutch, born in Budapest, Hungary, in 1908; studied sculpture at Academy of Fine Arts in that city and continued his studies, worked and exhibited in Paris, France, from 1927 to 1934.

He learned photography from his wife, Helene, and they worked together in their studio in Paris. In 1937 they came to Chicago and opened a Studio at 75 E. Wacker Drive, where Deutch continues to work in all branches of photography.

He is a long-time contributor of creative and experimental work to magazines and the recipient of numerous awards. He gives lectures, judges, and works hard to promote and stimulate better understanding in communication through photography. In recent months he has turned to sculpting again in addition to his work in photography.

His exhibit may be seen Monday through Friday, from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. and on Saturdays from 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., in the Randolph St. Corridor, beginning with September 8 and continuing through the month.

* * *

Having just returned from a five-

weeks' stay in Mexico, I feel more than ever certain that we should be more aware of our neighbors to the south than we are at present. Mexico City is a marvelous city and University City, the now ultra-modern center of the National University of Mexico, a 400-year-old institution, covers 580 acres on the rocky lava earth of the Pedregal. The architecture of glass and steel, brilliantly colored murals of mosaic and unique structures make this one of the most beautiful and outstanding cultural institutions in the world. The seating capacity of the olympic stadium is 100,000 and is designed to resemble a crater of a volcano. Their swimming pool is the largest in the world.

I learned that this year there were 50,000 students at this university, and 7,000 are foreign students; 3,000 are from the United States, and 4,000 from Central and South America. 250 students were coming up to the Pan American games from the University.

I brought home nearly 300 colored slides from my trip and when I show these shall tell more about Mexico.

* * *

In straightening up Dr. Bradley's desk after he had left for Europe I came across a letter written after he appeared on the Don McNeil program. The letter is from California and, thinking some of our readers might know the writer, we publish it:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

What a happy surprise to hear your voice coming over Don McNeil's program a few weeks ago! I recognized the voice, before your name was mentioned, as I came into the first portion of the program.

What memories came flooding back, of those Sunday mornings when we resided at 7034 Crandon Avenue, and at 7000 South Shore Drive, Chicago. Mr. Kelly (whose father was a Methodist minister many years ago in West Virginia) always insisted that whoever was in our home during your broadcast, should sit quietly and listen!

Mr. Kelly passed away seven years ago. When he retired, ten years ago, we moved to California and built a home in lovely Del Mar, which is about 100 miles south of Los Angeles, and only nineteen miles north of San Diego. Climate and scenery here are superb. If you should ever be traveling this way, *please* let us know, and be assured that our guest room awaits you.

I was so happy to hear you sounding like your usual jovial, inspired self! May God bless and protect you in your fine work.

Cordially,
Beatrice Buehler Kelly
(Mrs. Haven C.)

* * *

A short while before Dr. Bradley left for Ireland, he and Mrs. Bradley attended the Carter Temple Church, where he gave an address. A few days later Mrs. Bradley received some very beautiful roses made by Mrs. Cain, of the Carter Temple. With the roses was the following letter:

Dear Dr. and Mrs. Bradley:

We hope that you will like these flowers. They should serve you for at least a year and look real, but they will dry out after a long time, as the material is Japanese wood, cut very thin.

My wife makes all kinds of flowers, and other art. She is on the Art Committee of the United Church Women, and is secretary of the District Missionary group that covers Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Missouri, and is head of their art group. Also, she makes needle art and paper art for sale.

We want you to know it gives us the greatest pleasure to present these flowers to you before you leave on your trip.

We hope that your trip to Europe will be a pleasant one and you will remember us while visiting the various countries. We have not had the opportunity to go to Europe, but we have traveled all over America, and I am a souvenir collector, as a cheap hobby. We have about 8,000 cards of scenery from all America. We have treasured the couple that you mailed me a few years back, from Europe, and have added them to our card scenery collection.

With the very best of wishes,

Very truly yours,

Leland and Sadie Cain.

* * *

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OUR GRATITUDE TO MAGIKIST RUG CLEANERS

Magikist Services have carried two-thirds of the financial burden of the Sunday broadcast over WLS at 11 a.m. all during the season.

Now they have arranged to sustain the hour on Station WLS for the summer, with the cooperation of the station and myself. The Peoples Church and myself are deeply grateful for this courtesy and encouragement, and take this method of publicly expressing our appreciation.

We hope that this hour's program, every Sunday at 11 o'clock, which will consist of music, inspirational thoughts and poems, will be an inspiring experience for those who are unable to attend the church services, the shut-ins, the ill and those who may be in institutions. Again we say "thank you" to Magikist.

Preston Bradley

A friendly hint from a neighbor

A recent nationwide study conducted by the Central Automobile Safety Committee of Kemper Insurance revealed that seven out of ten persons killed or injured in traffic accidents are innocent victims of law-violating drivers.

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Junior Church (Opening Sept. 20) Parents invited to accompany their children... 9:30 a.m.

Choir rehearsals every Sunday, September to June. New members welcomed..... 9:30 a.m.

Uptown Temple Club (single adults) 1st and 3rd Sundays, Anderson Hall..... 5:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Reviews (January and February)..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club: Opening Luncheon, Tuesday, September 22nd, the Pick-Congress Hotel, 520 S. Michigan Ave. Call church office for reservations. First regular meeting of the club, October 13th, Anderson Hall..... 12:30 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club meets the second Sunday of the month, in Anderson Hall, for a Sunday Afternoon Tea and Program open to the public, both men and women. The opening event will probably be a church dinner for the entire Peoples Church membership, to welcome Dr. and Mrs. Bradley back to Chicago. Watch for announcement in October issue. This first event will be held in the evening. Mrs. Ida Loe, Corr. Sec., 4629 N. Winchester St., Chicago 40.

Opening meeting of the Men's Club, September 22, Anderson Hall. Dr. Preston Bradley, Guest Speaker. Music by The Bennetts. Closed meeting, for Men only. Refreshments ..... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave. ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule
Every Sunday

WLS—Through September 13th, a one-hour broadcast of music, inspirational thoughts and poems, direct from Station WLS..... 11:00 a.m.

Beginning September 20th, the church service will again be broadcast direct from the pulpit of the church over WLS..... 11:00 a.m.

WCFL—Dr. Bradley's Vesper Broadcast..... 5:45 p.m.

WSEL (FM)—Beginning September 20th, a rebroadcast of morning sermon..... 9:30 p.m.

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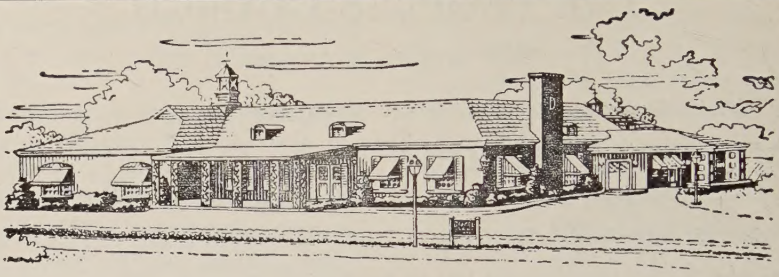

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PURPOSEFULLY. Bring the days that are to be into God's house, seeking to know His will for the coming week. Sometimes the answer rings clear in a sermon which you feel "was meant for you."